

HOOSIERS IN THE ORIENT

Interesting Extracts from Letters Written by Indianapolis Travelers.

How the Japanese Conduct Their Chrysanthemum Show in Tokio—Mr. Pierce's Perils in Chinese Waters.

Miss Mary G. De Motte, daughter of Dr. De Motte, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, this city, writes some interesting things in regard to a genuine chrysanthemum exhibit at Tokio, Japan, the capital of the nation, where this flower is exalted to a leading place among the royal and sacred objects, and where the singular skill of a most ingenious people has brought it to the highest degree of perfection. She says:

"Hearing of this wonderful annual exhibit I had imagined that it was a temporary collection of these plants in some hall or garden suitable, where the visitor would view them growing or cut, arranged somewhat as I had seen them elsewhere. Imagine my surprise when our girlishes stopped in a narrow street filled with daily-dressed people, with banners and lanterns of all descriptions suspended over the gateways which lined both sides. Cries of 'Enter here!' 'This is the best show!' etc., greeted us. We entered the first, paying two sen—not quite 2 cents, admission, and receiving a programme containing a rough print from a wood cut of the interior of the garden—for it was a garden, the garden where the flowers were growing.

"The flowers were arranged as drapery, etc., of life sized figures of persons and beasts in scenes of mythological and historical interest. The hands and faces of these figures were of plaster, but all else of bloom and leaves. In the construction of these figures a frame work of skeleton is made of wire and cord. The plants are fixed to the inner surface of this, planted in bags of soil. While growing the branches and leaves are entwined and trained as to entirely conceal this frame work, and cover the whole with a garb of bloom, sometimes the dress of a lady, at others the armor and arms of a warrior. One dress I noticed was of green leaves dotted with tiny white blossoms, with a dash of yellow, where the undershirt showed in front. Another dress, a perfect marvel of skill, was similar, but adorned here and there with large lavender-colored flowers with long ragged petals. Indeed, I was amazed to see the variety and style which they were able to get out of this one flower. The varieties, in size and color, seemed endless, and with proper watering and care they remain perfect for a month or more.

"Sometimes the group or tableau was placed upon a platform, which was moved to give varied views, and in some cases the figures were moved, adding somewhat of life-like reality to them. In one garden was represented two figures, male and female, in a huge boat, on a sea, the woman gazing with horror at a monster rising out of the water, which the man is ready to meet with a murderous battle-axe; all in eight-man, woman, boat, sea, monster, even the battle-axe, chrysanthemums.

"In another garden was represented a scene in history. Queen Jirokoko receiving an embassy from Korea. The figures representing the Queen occupied the center of a large platform. On her right was her Japanese minister, and on the left the Korean minister. Koreans were made to approach and deliver presents. In this, as in the others, everything visible, except the faces and hands, was the wonderful flower and its leaves.

"One scene from the '47 Ronins' was particularly fine. It showed them returning to receive the congratulations of the nobles. The effect of winter with snow was produced with angelic skill.

"I saw in one place a mammoth frog, true to life, with a fountain spouting from his upturned mouth. In a sort of arched way was an immense spider—oh, five feet in diameter, in his web, while leaning from the rocks above was a warrior ready with his spear to kill it.

"In one temple scene the altar-cloth was a mass of the most delicate blossoms, and in a cottage the pictures on the walls were made of flowers. In some cases the light was admitted through screens of flowers as to softness and tinge it with excellent effect.

"In the last garden we visited there was the representation of a boat, ten feet high, made just as the rest and draped in flowers. He reclining in a bower, while a female figure in the room behind, wearing two warriors to where they could capture him. The machinery made his eyes move and his jaws open with horrible reality."

Mr. Pierce's Perils.

From a letter of late date at Shanghai, China, to a friend in this city, by Henry D. Pierce, who is traveling in Asia, we take the following rather remarkable chapter of excitement:

"Who says travel in the Orient is without incident, if not perilous? I have been traveling from home by a serious runaway accident, undertaking on crutches a journey to countries half round the world, we crossed the Pacific on a fine vessel which just escaped destruction in mid-ocean by the most startling fire at sea of modern times; a fire subdued only by masterly skill after days of fighting, with all boats provisioned and ready to land down the beach. Landing at Yokohama in a hurricane, we were for hours getting ashore. (This hurricane destroyed several villages and damaged many towns in Japan.) At Nikko our rooms adjoined a desperate case of typhoid fever, and we did not know it. At Osaka, in hurrying to a station, the fire-breathing man ran over a little child toddling in the road, and babies do everywhere in Japan, hurrying the little one badly. At Gifu we crossed the big bridge on one of the great trains after the final repair following the great earthquake which destroyed the great bridge which had crossed the river at the big Hotel des Colonies after breakfast, we saw flames darting from under the cornice, and for a half a day watched one of the finest hotels in the Orient burn literally to the ground. Had it kept at night many lives would have been lost. At Shanghai we arranged to take the now notorious P. and O. steamship Hokkaido, but by mere accident changed plans at the last moment, and are now alive to tell the tale, for the cable has told you of the dreadful wreck of this ill-fated vessel in the great typhoon off Yokohama, when but two of its passengers escaped—the worst disaster of modern times in Eastern waters. At Hong Kong, just before our arrival, the incline railway up the mountain peak went wrong, and two people were killed. We saw the victims. At Canton we were pelted and punched as 'foreign devils' by the Chinese, frate against America particularly. At the Portuguese possession of Macao our 'ricksha' wheel slid over the edge of a precipice nearly throwing us to the rocks beneath. Leaving China, our ship proved to be the unlucky Bombay the same that collided with the American gun-boat Chesapeake at Yokohama a few years ago, and sunk it with fearful loss of life, and after we were aboard, got orders to go in search of the missing ship; hence we were transferred unwillingly enough to a passing steamer which had just sent its fourth officer ashore dangerously ill with small-pox, having brought a ship-load of infected pilgrims around India from Persia, and the result was a sea from this dread scourge, and the only cabin for us had been the receptacle for the ship's soiled linen, but we drenched the room with carbolic acid and finally reached our destination in time to meet the gloom and sorrow of the shipwreck mentioned, then just becoming known. On the Yamasee river one steamer ran into a 'house-boat' nearly drowning a lot of natives. Crossing the Yellow sea, we, ourselves, were in a bitter typhoon, but successfully rode it, though appallingly seasick. Landing from the inland sea at Higo, we saw a Japanese girl commit suicide by jumping off the Bund wall into the bay. In Tokio our girlishes nearly collided with a fire-engine, which, itself, a few yards beyond, fell heavily over in rounding a corner. Finally, we were smacked up with an earthquake shock, near

Fugiyama. And yet, with narrow escapes and all kinds of weather, from scorching in the tropics to cold blasts of the Aleutians, in the north Pacific, but without harm or hurt, or cough or cold we are journeying on, far more leisurely and more abnormally so, than, but otherwise much the same as the average globe-trotters in the far East."

THE FLOWER MISSION FAIR

This Year It Takes the Form of an Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Tomlinson Hall Will Be a Scene of Splendor—Well-Known Ladies in Charge of the Booths.



ON A DAY or two Tomlinson Hall will be a scene of flowers, colors and fair women. The annual fair of the Flower Mission will open Tuesday evening, at Tomlinson Hall. It will be called the 'Arabian Nights,' and will be a scene of Oriental splendor. The entertainment for Tuesday evening will be the appearance of Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, the soprano from Cincinnati. Wednesday evening and Thursday evening Miss Mae Talbot, in the skirt dance and the rag-doll dance, with music by Miss Margaret Lockwood, violinist, Miss Schmitt harpist, and Mr. F. X. Arons baritone. Friday evening and Saturday afternoon Mr. Thomas Arnold will give performances of sleight of hand. The officers, booths, chairman and assistants are as follows:

Officers—Mrs. J. H. Stewart president, Mrs. W. J. McKee and Mrs. Mary A. Tait vice-presidents. Mrs. Charles F. Sayles treasurer, Mr. S. K. Fletcher superintendent. Management Committee—Mr. Herbert Collins, Mrs. Charles E. Coffin, Mrs. Adella Coo, Misses Julia G. Sharpe, Julia Brown, Winnie Porter, Sadie Walker, Mrs. F. X. Arons, Mrs. J. H. Stewart, John H. Holliday, John Harry, George Sullivan and Misses Davidson, Miller, Reeves, Hatfield, Jackson, Gilman, Anna Sharpe, Roberts and Wallick. Colors, terra cotta and gold.

Aldridge's Cave (Candy)—Mrs. Albert D. Thomas chairman, assisted by Mesdames Joseph Beck, John R. Husey, Will Fort, Emma and Misses Olive Gaston, Amelia Gaston, Emma Martindale, Katie Wacker, Emma Hasselman and Mary Husey. Color, yellow.

The Enchanted Garden (Flower Booth)—Mrs. Herbert Collins chairman, assisted by Mesdames Harold Taylor and Frank Lord, and Misses Colgan, Henry Taylor, Helen Smith and Lillian Butler. Colors, green, white and gold.

Bedridden's Partry Shop (Refreshment Booth)—Mrs. David F. Swain and Miss Herron, assisted by Mesdames Thomas Barry, F. M. Herron, W. P. Maine, Horace Bennett, J. L. Fugate, R. K. Syfers, K. Howles, W. J. Holliday, J. B. Warner, Geo. J. Stitz, Percy and Misses Black, Harris, Nellie Dika, Lizzie Todd, Humphries, Taylor, Jordan, Walcott, Van Camp, Coe, Josephine Herron, Swain and Mary Fish. Color, red.

Den of the Forty Thieves (Ice-cream)—Mrs. Andrew Gordon chairman, assisted by Mesdames J. J. Higgins and R. L. Dorsey and Misses Jane Graydon, Julia Graydon, Helen Conner, Hattie Cleland, Georgia Hunt, Alice Somerville, Emma Matthews, Mary Noble, Blanche Cole, Kate Vinnedge, Jessie Patterson, Lizzie Morris of Minneapolis, Alice Higgins, Alice Graydon, Sarah Shields and Mary Stanton. Colors, pink and silver.

Magic Mirror (Fortune Booth)—Miss Margaret G. Goodhart and Mrs. James Morris, assisted by Misses Cornelia McKee, Helen McKay, Hattie Ritter, Belle Goodhart, Caroline Goodhart, Annie Adams, Florence Cornell, Alvina Green, Flora Anderson, Jessie Hancock, Lucy Hamilton, Mahel Polson and Lila Lamb. Colors, white and gold, with red turbans.

The Merchant of Bagdad (Apron Booth)—Mrs. Henry Coe chairman, assisted by Mesdames Silas Baldwin, Isabel N. Adams, Clayton S. Hildebrand, Edwin A. Hendricks, John W. Jones, Mary A. Thompson, Howard Foltz, William Fauset and Joseph T. Stahl. Colors, blue and gold.

Legislative Hall Cleared for the Visitors by Custodian Tim Griffin.

Custodian Tim Griffin yesterday had the desks removed from the chamber of the lower house of the Legislature and filled with chairs, preparatory for the first State congressional session. Seats will be provided for from four hundred to five hundred persons. Mr. Fortune, secretary of the Commercial Club, who has been the leading spirit in promoting this important movement, said yesterday that every county had promised to send from one to ten delegates. "A great deal of interest has been shown in this movement all over the State," he said. "The delegates will be chosen by delegates bearing credentials from boards of county and city commissioners, from town councilmen, from the judges of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Alliance, from county agricultural societies and farmers' associations. The majority of the delegates will be farmers, to whom the movement is of greatest importance. There has been a hidden purpose to increase the taxes upon the farmer. So far as my investigations go, there was no need of an increase. The State now pays out a great deal more than would be needed annually, and yet derives no benefit from the investment, owing to the nature of it. The question of delegates all others in importance is one of application of road revenues, and to regulate this some legislation will be essential. There will undoubtedly be scores of bills introduced at the coming session asking for better road laws, and if the delegates assist the Legislature to choose one acceptable to the people its work will have been well done and the State benefited in an incalculable measure."

The congress will begin Tuesday. The forenoon will be taken up with the temporary organization, which will continue until toward the close of the congress, when the delegates will be asked the pleasure of organizing in a permanent way. The delegates must all present credentials in order to be allowed to participate. Several men of national prominence will attend the congress and deliver addresses, including Gen. Roy Stone of New York, the secretary of the National League of Good Roads; Isaac H. C. Brown, secretary of the National League of Good Roads; and Col. Albert A. Porter of Boston, a pioneer in the movement for better roads. Addresses will be made to the congress by others as follows: G. W. Dorrill, "The Road of the Southern Indiana"; J. L. Blair, "Road-making Material in Indiana and its Distribution"; J. P. Applegate, editor of the New Albany Ledger, "Roads Without Metal: the Best Way of Making and Keeping them in Repair"; "Good Roads from an Economic and Social Point of View," D. J. Thomas, "Farmers' Need of and Ability to Construct Good Highways," Louis H. Gibson, "The Road of Europe," Prof. W. C. Latta, superintendent of the Indiana Farmers' Institutes, "The Money Value of Good Roads."

SEASON FOR MARBLES IS ON

And the Small Boy Seeks the Proverbial "Show for His White Alley."

Mysterious Intuition That Determines "Marble Time," "Kite Time" and Various Other Times—"Dudes" Done Up.

IT IS NOW the season when what is known in boys' parlance as "marble time" is on, and youngsters with distended pockets may be seen playing upon the streets and sidewalks. Men have won fame by watching the movements of ants and other insects, but so far the field of investigation as to what decides when "marble time" begins, when "kite time" is in proper sign, and when stilt or hoops are in season, has never been studied out. It seems to come to boys by a sort of intuition. They play marbles until tired out, or until some new pleasure is needed. The approaching season of Christmas seems likely to bring marbles soon to an end.

Two boys had a series of adventures, the first of which was a game of marbles. Marbles furnish the boy of gambling instincts his first game of chance. He learns to play skillfully "for keeps," and becomes expert at knocking out the marbles put into the ring to be shot at. When boys choose no longer to play "for fun," but rather "for keeps," acquisitiveness to obtain the greatest number of marbles succeeds to the mere desire for play. When they play "for fun" it is a matter of pride to own a fine "law" in the shape of a blood-red agate, costing 10 cents. But when the game is "for keeps," it is a matter of business to own a law that is "lucky," whether agate, glass or clay. When agates are the stakes the players are looked upon as "plungers" by the other boys, and the game is watched with awe.

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the compact, the larger lad was to do the playing, being more skillful, and the other was to carry the marbles and see to collecting the stakes won. So off they started. The next a boy on the corner of South and Tennessee streets.

"There's a soft mark," said the playing member of the firm. "I'll just challenge him, wouldn't you?"

"All right," said the other youth, "you kin bet that Mick any day."

The challenge was given and promptly accepted. The ring was one of the round ones, known as a "bull ring," in marble talk, and was made round the stakes and in proportion to a skill that lads develop in such things. The South side ring, whose looks indicated the "ragamuffin," and whose freckled face and unkempt hair added to his appearance of a toughie, produced a snickered law and his stake marble, which he put into the ring. The two stake marbles were laid side by side, and looked like two lame cocks huddled together. The North side shot first from the edge of the ring, five feet distant. The player must knock both those marbles outside the ring to win. The North side missed. The "Mick," as the junior member of the firm called him, poised his hand at the ring's edge a moment, took aim with his eye, and let drive swiftly at the target. The two stake marbles were sent flying and sent them scattering out of the ring. They were both his. The North side were evidently thunderstruck, but said nothing and put in another stake. The winner did likewise and having won before, was entitled to the first shot. He repeated his former feat with a kind of grin on his face. The North side had had one shot and had lost two "bones."

"I guess I don't want to play any more," said the defeated player.

"Commodore for any time," answered the "Mick." "Ver' Dudsare-street dudes orten't to tackle us West-side bloods—see?"

The "firm" moved on into the enemy's territory, smarting with defeat, and not knowing just what to do. They were not so anxious to play as before, and the stock of marbles was not near exhausted. The side-pockets of the younger partner's jacket bulged out with agates, bottle-tops, "commies" and "duds," worth 5 cents, as he computed, at the store. They suddenly came upon a crowd of "Micks" at the corner of West and Kentucky streets, and stopped to deliberate whether or not to issue a challenge. They had it, they knew it, was to retreat. The delay was fatal. With a swoop the five young West-side highwaymen fell upon the firm, and seized the member with the bulging pocket.

"Don't yer take anything from yer pocket, or I'll slap yer face," said the leader, and the boy add-see quietly submitted to be robbed. When the marble pocket was emptied, he was released, and was glad to hurry out of sight with his partner. When they reached their own quarter of the town again, they breathed more freely and dissolved the partnership.

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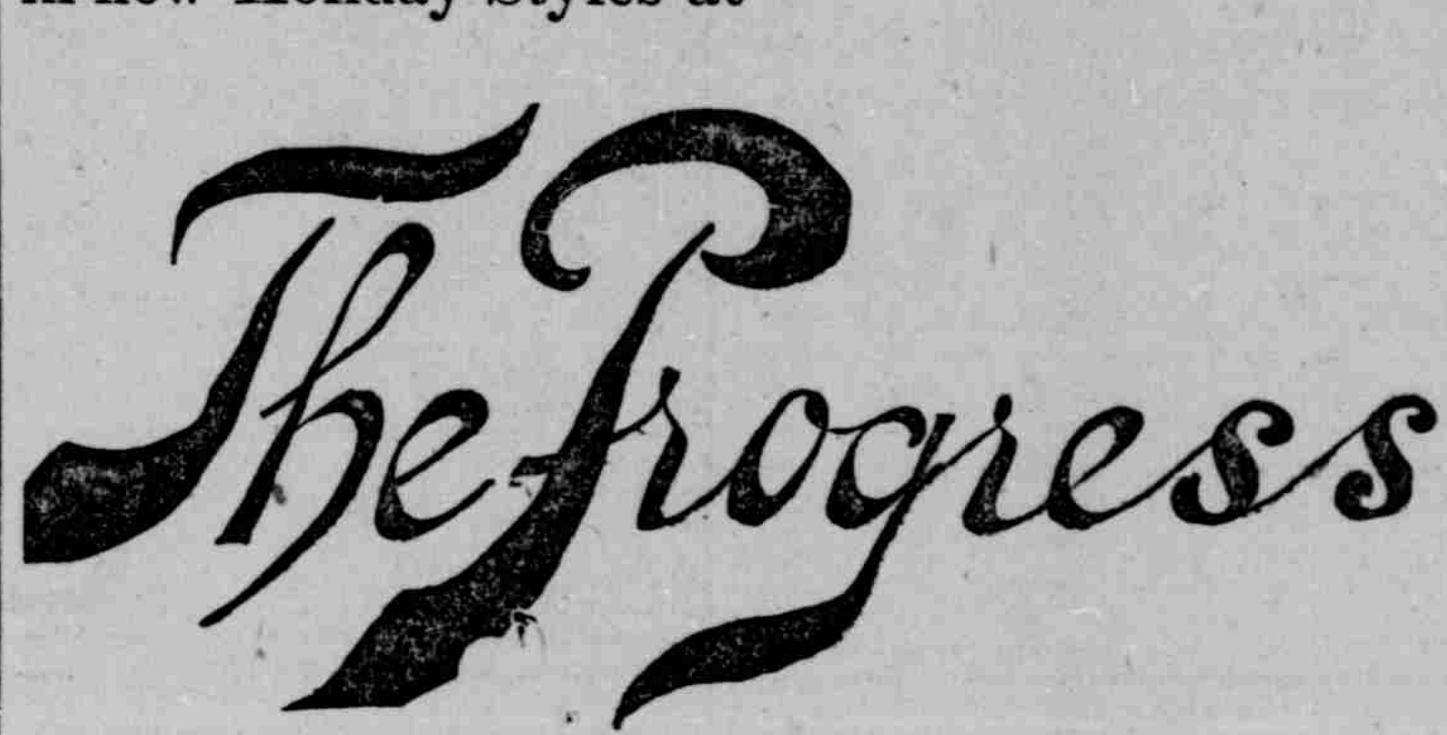
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